"Moderation *consists* in feeling emotion as the angels do." (Joubert.)
This is as if you said: Consumption consists in going to spend every winter in the south.

The water that issues from glaciers! nothing could be more turbid; a brew for goitrous people.
The only pure waters gush from the deep earth.

We debated for some time whether Cleombrotus had drowned himself out of despair at not having been present at Socrates* last conversation — or out of haste to know that supernatural felicity that Plato too eloquently described as awaiting him in the other world; and I quoted Milton's lines:

> *. . . and he, who, to enjoy*
> *Plato's Elysium, leap'd into the sea,*
> *Cleombrotus.*
>
> (Paradise Lost, *III, 472*)[1]

It is a greater delight for me to set in motion my body's supple muscles and my senses* voluptuous details than the no less subtle mechanism of my mind.

DIMINUTIVE NOVEL

Precipitate sensuality.
(His haste was such that he scratched his hands on the locks.)

But it was not merely a question of music: the mere sound of a stringed instrument, or of a flute, or of a voice was enough to dominate my thought immediately. Likewise a gesture, a ray of sunlight on the ground, a smile from a human being or from a throbbing nature, alas, more than art, now made my heart swoon completely. So that all the slow preparation, the admirable effort of refinement that, through my ancestors, a whole race had put forth to produce me, bursting its bonds at this point, ended in an after-growth of savagery — just as you see nat-

ural plants reappear growing in the ruins of patiently erected palaces.

Compare the clouds that one sees pass over the mountain at El Kantara, then melt into the azure, with the caravans that the desert *swallows up* (or vice versa).

Arrival in B6ne.

Heavy perfumes that no breath of air disperses, which spread like a very heavy mist on the sea.

[1] Quoted in English by Gide.